

290
THE
DELIVERANCE.

A
POEM:

TO THE
Prince of Orange.

By a Person of Quality.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and are to be Sold by R. Baldwin, in
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William Prince of Orange
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THE
DELIVERANCE
A
POEM

TO THE

Prince of Wales

By J. B. B. B.

Printed and sold by W. B. B. B.
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Loud were the Cries, as swift the Indulgent Ear,
 And unforeseen Deliverers appear;
 Divine Reliefs as secret are as sure,
 He acts as unaccountable as pure:
Gessen Oppressions sent not up a Groan
 Of Penitence, but shook the haughty Throne,
 And early tost the Ambitious Tyrant down.
 Our crys repeated, mov'd his juster Rage,
 To shake the *Babel* Builders of the Age;
 Confusion to their Camps and Councils send,
 And makes themselves Destroy what they Defend.
 But where the Instrument for Heaven Designs,
 No work but true and proper Agent finds.
 Thee *Nassau*, mark'd for Honour and Applause!
 Thee! Thee! Almighty Destines for the Cause,
 To prop the staggering Bulwark of the Laws.
 Thee *Nassau*, truly Great as truly Bold,
 Thy House were all Deliverers of Old;
 But Purchas'd they a cheap Redemption? No,
 No, *Nassau*, nor may thine be cheaper too.
 Their Lives they boldly Sacrific'd, and sell
 Well fraught with Honour, and reveng'd as well:
 Thy Honour, Hazard, and Success, the same,
 Thy Actions greater, and thy greater Fame
 Not fewer Enemies than theirs create,
 The same the Fortune, not the same the Fate.
 Thee, Heaven for still continued Fame defends;
 Thee for more Honour, and more Work intends:
 In vain shall lurking Treachery Design,
 In vain shall Fury bark, or Envy pine;
 Craft shall attempt and smoothe its Baits again;
 But all her Politicks be spent in vain,
 Till not one Work of Heaven unfinish'd remain.
 Gyants may Heaven attack, and Batt'ries raise,
 But *Joves* Almighty Thunder shall despise:
 The Moon, by brightness, will disperse the Dark,
 Tho' all the Dogs o'th' Universe do Bark.
 Thee, Prince, has *Jove* his choicest Favours given;
 Thee, made the Mighty Favourite of Heaven;
 Born Heir Apparent to the best of Crowns,
 To shatter, not to clog thy self with Thrones.
 Thee, Heaven Exalts above the Gods, thee Fate
 Comptroller of the Kings on Earth create:
 Thrones wait thy beckoning hand, and Princes sit
 With awful silence at thy Conquering Feet;
 For Aids, Advice, and Resolutions, come,
 And at thy fastning Councils they are Dumb;
 Trembling and Guilty at thy Mighty call;
 Their easie Majesty and Crowns lets fall;
 Resign assumed ill wrought Government,
 And stand, or fall, at thy Arbitrement:

Thee,

Thee, the now Arming Universe observes,
 Thee Empire Courts, and her Electors serves;
 Thy mighty Alliance earnestly they seek,
 And justly, Head of their great Leagues they make;
 Proud of thy Friendship, and secure in thee,
 A willing Homage to thy rising greatness pay.

But O! Thou blest of Isles, our *Tempes* Plains;
 Who early boasted of the best of Swains;
 Thee Fate, Thee *Flora*, Thee the Gods do Bless
 Thee Honour, Fame a *Nassau* dost possess.
 Thy Native Glory, Ancient and Untrai'd,
 Waits His Access, and is by Him regain'd:
 What Sacrifice? What Hecatombs are due,
 Next unto *Jove*, Great Warlike Prince, to You.
 Our willing Hearts Eternal Trophies raise
 In living Monuments of lasting Praise:
 Swift was Thy Help when helpless Fate oppress'd:
 Who helps in Exigencies helps the Best.

So when an *Algerine* does Tour away
 After long Fight, the Conquer'd Bark a prey,
 The rugged Sailors struggling with their Fate,
 Find their Resistance fruitless, and too late,
 Unwilling yield (Life, though with Chains, is sweet)
 And hardly Quarter from the Pagan get;
 Enslav'd and Manac'd behold abroad
 A friendly Frigot claps the Turk aboard,
 Frees them from Bondage, and their Ship restores;
 While Rage and Fire in vain the Pyrate poures:
 Judge Sailors, Judge, Judge *Britains*, ye that know
 What grateful Homage would the Captives show,
 And Judge by that what you to *Orange* owe.

Thus kindly, thus prevailing was his Aid,
 We Weak, and our Oppressors not afraid;
 Puff'd by Success grown Mad and Insolent,
 Not thoughtful of, nor fearing an account.
 Flest with the Barbarous President in *France*,
 Whose Tyrant unrestrain'd by Providence;
 His threatening Banners at the World Displaid,
 And all but Noble *Nassau* was afraid:
 When single and alone he stopt their Pride,
 And now as singly has born back the Tyde,
 The Flood of unresisted Violence,
 The same Defender and the same Defence.
 To speak of Ships, of Engines, and of Arms,
 Of Secret Councils, and of false Alarms,
 Private Resolves, and undiscover'd Leagues,
 That bilt the Politicks of English Teagues:
 The Nations from and unto whom they came,
 Were endless, Noble *Nassau*, as thy Fame:
 To speak of Conduct, Courage and Command,
 Of Discipline, of Wisdom, Interest and
 Concurring Providence by Sea and Land.

To speak of Prudence and of Resolution,
 Deep were His Councils, swift His Execution ;
 Never was Great Design maturer weigh'd,
 Never the Measures more exactly laid,
 And not one Cabinet Resolve betray'd.
 To speak of Correspondence wisely carry'd,
 Not one Embassage, not a scrip miscarry'd :
 His swift Intelligence of State Intreagues,
 Sham Brats and Bloody Sanctified Leagues ;
 The Tragick Scenes of Violence and Ambition,
 The secret prompting Engines of Division
 Scap't not his Eye, nor will they his Decision,
 To speak of Stratagems in time and place,
 Acted when Nature bound unwilling Peace
 On *France*, who vainly threatned Revenge and War,
 But stood a helpless Gazer from afar :
 All these and more, 'twere endless to Record,
 Nor time permits, nor needs thy Fame their Word ;
 His well-laid Project does bespeak Success,
 His Hazard's Great, and His Expence no less :
 Such great Accessions justly claim our Praise,
 And Trophies of a well-sung Glory raise.
 What else have all the Heroes of the Age
 Strove with such fatal emulating Rage ?
 What gets the Victor at the expence of Blood,
 If all his Praise for Flattery's understood ?
 Yet ransom'd Nations surely may Record,
 And Sing the Fame of their Delivering Lord :
 Well may our Grateful Hearts with Praises swell
 His Actions for us, we, and none but we can tell ;
 The World is witness to the Things are done,
 But what prevented's (but to us) unknown.
 Well may we praise him, for, if we forbear,
 The Stones would speak, and our Ingratitude declare.
 From publick Ruine, and a Treacherous Plot
 He has Delivered us, or he has not :
 If not, what does he here ? and if he has,
 Why stop we the due Tribute of His Praise.
 Let every Tongue *Narcissus*-like enjoin
 His Muse to Sing no Praises but his own.
 Though Weakness dull my Pen, and Wit in spight,
 I'll whet my Quill in Gratitude and write ;
 Though Dumbness should the first bold Chant possess,
Nassau Pd Sing, a Singing *Nassau* cease ;
 Sing every tender Swain his Welcome Great,
 And thus strow Flowers, and thus strow Joys around his Feet :
 Who then's this Great, this thus Adored Prince ?
 Whence his Beginning ? what his Excellence ?
 His Offspring's Noble, in the first Degree,
 As truly Noble in himself is He :
 Birth and Victorious Ancestors Adorn,
 And load His Head with Honour, His Mind with Scorn ;

Nor

Nor will he boast of Honours he inherits,
 But what just Fate gives to his early Merits ;
 Sprung from a stock of Heroes, yet Hero more,
 For Actions of his own, than all before ;
 Hereditary Honours do possess,
 But his acquired Vertues are no less.
 Princes ill Fate is flattery from below,
 By such as study more to gain than know ;
 But to inform what is his real Name,
 Go ask his Conquer'd Enemies his Fame.
 His youthful Rage in early Fights begun,
 Lost not by Fury what his Valour won ;
 Not less his Force, nor did his Prudence show,
 Advantages by fear or sloth let go :
 His waking Eye, his restless, thinking Parts,
 Re-edify'd the Dislocated States,
 When *Europes* almost-Monarch first confounded
 Their Troops, and their Metropolis surrounded.
 And let them speak whose Conquering Power he staid,
 More of his Name, than of his Arms afraid,
 While his first Power was small, and Allies him betraid.
 How boldly, how successfully he strove,
 Edg'd with swift Zeal, Arm'd with his Country's Love ;
 Yet never base to Conquer'd Towns or Men,
 Whose Fortune with his Valour did contend :
 But Generous as Noble, Wise as Just,
 With firmest Faith discharg'd the largest Trust :
 His Courage *Lewis* might himself have try'd,
 When tempting Fortune dar'd him to Decide
 Impending Victory by a down-right blow,
 Where Valour more than *French* Invention he might show.
 Thee *Valencienns* remembers, thee, Noble Youth,
 While yet thy Conduct had an early growth ;
 There *Lewis* saw, and lest thee pleas'd no less,
 To have brav'd the Hector of the Universe.
 As for his Politicks, let him appear,
 That has out-done him now for twenty year :
 If *France* from Conquer'd Provinces was drove,
 By neither Wit nor Courage, let him love
 The Glory of it, this we early knew,
 They were not Fools with whom he had to do ;
 He had no States divided to oppose,
 Nor none but Conquering and United Foes :
 Nor had he *Scomberg*, *Crequi* or *Turenne*,
 By whom he Idly might his Honour gain :
 Captains abide the long Fatigues of War,
 While Princes Idly, as Spectators are,
 And view the Noble Dangers from on far.
 Yet theirs the Praise, not so *Nassovian* Youth,
 Thy Hand has fetch'd thy Honours from the North ;
 Through untrod Paths of Dangers thou didst raise
 Thy self the Trophies of a lasting Praise.

Thousands of Dangers fearless and untaught,
 In quest of Honour he with Honour fought;
 His harraſs'd Country Triumphs now in eaſe,
 And to his weary Labour owe their peace;
 A tottering State divided and made poor;
 A barbarous Threatning Victor at the Door;
 The more undaunted, and the more enrag'd,
 With equal fury and ſucceſs engag'd;
 And though a Cloud his Anger ſeem'd afar,
 Yet threaten'd Havock, Fire, Revenge and War;
 Nor was he ſooner entred on command,
 While yet he ſhook his ſtill unpractic'd hand;
 But *France* himſelf, as doubtful and affraid,
 Defensive Wars of an Invaſion made.

His Perſonal Vertues, if you aſk of them,
 Add but theſe two, The flower of his rare ſtem,
 His ſolid, thoughtful, ſteady, unmov'd frame,
 And his acquired Piety the ſame;
 The Heir of Vertues, and the ſtock of Grace,
 And ripening unto Heavenly Joys apace:
 Greatneſs with Grace, Vertue with Honour twine,
 And all with awful luſtre from him ſhine;
 Charming his Voice, and of Maſtick Air,
 His Words as Sacred as his Vertues are;
 To whom as to the Oracle is due,
 A ſilent Faith, and never oftner ſpeaks than true:
 Searching his knowledge, and his Mien compleat,
 Always for Conflict, and for Conqueſt fit,
 Of ſteady Judgment, and refined Wit.
 Humility with Royal Bounty joyn,
 And in Reſolved Right as Maſculine;
 Not timorous, not unconstant, not unſteady,
 Not unreſolv'd, in Dangers not unready;
 Not treacherous, not deceitful, not untrue,
 Not unbelov'd and envy'd but by few:
 Firm as the Rocks in rowling Seas abide,
 When floods of Doubts, and Dangers, paſs beſide.
 If Griefs aſſault him, or if Comfort flows,
 He's undepreſs'd by theſe, unraiſ'd by thoſe:
 If Fraud attack him, or if Fame Careſſes,
 This he with force, and that with ſcorn ſuppreſſes:
 Unmov'd by Joys or Griefs, unſwell'd by Fame,
 Fixt and unalterable, he's the ſame.

Thus the Wiſe Architect of Natures frame,
 Wiſely Adapts the Inſtruments of Fame:
 Thus has he drawn in the exacteſt Lines,
 The Agent of his Wonderful Deſigns,
 That our Redemption might the clearer ſeem,
 To come as really it doth from him:
 What tho' a *Cirrus* did his Temple build,
 And hollow *Jebu* ſwift Deliverance yield.

Villains the Works of Heaven may blindly do,
 His Universal Government to show,
 But in his common Order 'tis not so:
 He choofes not, confines himself to means,
 In Goodness Goodness, fuiting Actions to our sense,
 Great is the Wisdom of his Providence.

May this great Agent in the Almighty hand,
 Perfect begun Deliverance in the Land;
 May he continue with a juster Rage,
 To shake the Overturers of the Age.

And thou great *Albion*, whose Unpinion'd hands
 Gives hope or fear, to all the Neighbour Lands:
 Let *Europe* see thy early Valour raise,
 And new attempts revive thy former praise;
 Thy Ancient Vigour and Regard assume,
 The Ballance, once again, of *Christendom*.
 What tho' by Priest-Craft thou dost halting go,
 What once was one, may once again be so:
 If thou art blest'd with Eyes to see thy Fate,
 And shun the Jealousies that they create,
 If peradventure it be not too late,
 Be one as thou wert made, who would divide,
 And fix a Neuter Gender on thy side;
 Masks but Destruction in a smooth Disguise,
 Urg'd by a Foe Implacable and Wise.

In vain has Noble *Nassau* undertook,
 In vain the props of Innovation shook;
 In vain his Hazard to redeem thy Right,
 In vain he came, in vain didst thou invite:
 In vain his Royal Mate bestow'd her Lord,
 And all her Joys adventur'd, to afford
 Thy sinking State Relief, in vain she try'd,
 While Troops of lurking Feuds in thy chaff bosom hide.

Conclusion to the Poets.

AND now the Work's compleat, a happy smile
 Sits on the Brows of our restored Isle;
 Approaching *Flora* promises to spread
 New unseen blossoms to Perfume his Bed,
 And Weave a new Invented Garland for his Head.
 Every young Bard his new Accessions greet,
 And lay their early Off-springs at his feet,
 While Troops of Mercenary Farce disperse
 Their Dogrel Burlesque from the voiding Press,
 Barren in Wit, and Balderdash in Verse.

Me, Gall as well as Gratitude, inspires,
 Me loads *Apollo* with unequal fires,
 To see the happy Aspect of our Isle
 Flourish, while all her Wits lye still the while.
 Alas! Must we the best of blessings gain,
 At the large hazard of the best of men,
 And now Carefs him with my Junior Pen?

Alas!

Alas ! 'The Famous *Settle*, *Dwff*, *Tate*,
 That early propt the deep Intrigues of State ;
 Dull Whiggish Lines the World could ne're applaud,
 While your swift Genius did appear abroad.
 And thou great *Bays*, whose yet unconquer'd Pen
 Wrote with strange force, as well of Beasts as Men ;
 Whose Noble Genius grieved from afar,
 Because new Worlds for *Bays* did not appear :
 None to contend with, the Ambitious Elf
 Begins a Civil War against himself :
 Alas ! How cruel is a Poets Fate,
 Or who indeed would be a Laureat,
 That must, or fall, or turn with every turn of State.
 Poor Bard ! If thy hot Zeal for Loyal *Wem*,
 Forbids thy tacking sing his *Requiem*,
 Sing something, Prethee, to enure thy Thumb,
 Nothing but Conscience strikes a Poet Dumb :
 Conscience ! That dull Chimera of the Schools,
 A Learned Imposition upon Fools :
 'Thee, *Dryden*, art not silenc'd' with such stuff,
 'y'Gad thy Conscience has been large enough.
 But here are Loyal Subjects still and Foes,
 Many to Mourn for, many to Oppose :
 Shall thy great Master, thy Almighty *Jove*,
 Whom thou to place above the Gods hast strove ;
 Shall he from *David's* Throne so early fall,
 And Laureat *Dryden* not a tear let fall,
 Nor Sings the Bard his *Exit* in one poor Pastoral.
 Thee fear confines, thee, *Dryden*, fear confines,
 And Grief, not Shame, stops thy recanting Lines ;
 Our *Damon* is as Generous as Great,
 And well would pardon tears that Love create.
 Shouldst thou in Justice to thy vexed Soul
 Not Sing to him, but thy lost Lord condole ;
 But Silence is a Damning Errour, *John*,
 I'd or my Master, or my self bemoan.

F I N I S.

